

The following beautiful poem seems the expression of that true love which is the crown and happiness of womanhood, and which lifts him upon whom it is bestowed above life's petty pursuits and ennobles his whole being:

I would be Thine.
I would be thine!
Ah, not to learn the anguish
Of being first a deity enthralled,
Then, when the fever fit is passed, to languish.

Stripped of each grace that fancy round me twined,
Not such the lot I crave.

I would be thine!
Not a bright summer weather,
A sunny atmosphere to breathe,
But fear and trouble when the storm clouds gather
And shrink life's unrelenting frown beneath,
Failing, when needed most.

I would be thine!
To lose all selfish feeling
In the sole thought of the far dearest ones—

To study every look thy will revealing,
To make thy voice's ever varying tone
The music of my heart.

I would be thine!
When sickness doth oppress thee,
With love's unwearied vigilance to watch,
Waking, to soothe, to comfort and care thee;
Sleeping, to list in dread, each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine!
When vexed by worldly crosses,
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,
To stay thee 'neath thy burden or thy losses,
By showing thee how deeply thou art dear,

Builds in thy distress.

Gently and unreplikingly
To bear with thee, when chafed and spirit worn,
The hasty words, the quick reprimands dnying

But by the soft submission which is born

Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine!
My world in thee to center,
With all its hopes, care, fears and loving thought,

No wish beyond the home where thou wouldst enter,

Ever sure to find thy presence brought

My life's best joy.

I would be thine!
Not passion's wild emotion
To show thee, fitful as the changing wind,
But with a still, deep, fervent life devotion,

To be the help meet God designed—

For this would I be thine.

A gentleman who recently put up at a log tavern in Wisconsin, was awakened by a young man who commenced a serenade thus:

"O, Sally Rice,
I've called you twice,
And yet you lie and snore!
I pray you wake,
And see your Jake,

And open to him the door or window don't care much which, for—

It makes but little difference
To either you or I—

Big pig, little pig,
Root hog or die."

A GRACEFUL CORRECTION.—"The proper study for mankind is woman."—Punch.

RESULT OF THE STUDY.

"Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scanned the face she brought me;

My only books
Were woman's books,

And folly's all they've taught me."

MOORE.

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Jane 3.

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